2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ſt ſlaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
Firſt nature ſtilde it in, ſhrunke thee into
The bownd thou waſt ore-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireſſe
That equally canſt poize ſternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaſſe of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth ſcortch,
Vnder the ſhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay ſwolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, ſay no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your diſtreſſe: Let him conſider:
Ile ſpeake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, ſo ſorrow wanting forme
Is preſt with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray ſtand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,
Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a glaſſe
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady,
He that will all the Treaſure knov
Muſt know the Center too; he tha
For my leaſt minnow, let him lead
To catch one at my heart. O pard
Extremity that ſharpens ſundry wi
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you ſay nothing, p
Who cannot feele, nor ſee the rain
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if th
The ground-peece of ſome Painte
T'inſtruct me gainſt a Capitall gr
Such heart peirc'd demonſtration;
Being a naturall Sifter of our Sex
Your ſorrow beates ſo ardently u
That it ſhall make a counter reflec
My Brothers heart, and warme it
Though it were made of ſtone: p

Theſ. Forward to'th Temple,
O'th ſacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
Will long laſt, and be more coſtly
Your Suppliants war: Remembe
Knowles in the eare, o'th world:
Is not done raſhly; your firſt thoug
Then others laboured meditance:
More then their actions: But oh I
Soone as they mooves as Aſpraye
Subdue before they touch, thinke,
What beds our ſlaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead
Thoſe that with Cordes, Knives, d
Weary of this worlds light, have t
Beene deathes moſt horrid Agent
Affords them duſt and ſhaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

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